

Experiences in Elite Child Trafficking

By Sierra Peterson ©2008

I wrote this story after hearing Susie Bright's radio interview with Debbie Nathan, an investigative journalist who has written a number of pieces attempting to discredit the idea of satanic ritual abuse and organized human trafficking. Bright and Nathan believe that these ideas are perpetuated solely by Christian fundamentalists trying to deliver nonbelievers and porn addicts straight back into the arms of Jesus. I hope that this short paper can help to clarify things a bit for these two, or at least create a few new questions. My perspective is slightly different than the aforementioned Christians, mainly because I am not even slightly religious and have no ulterior political agendas lurking beneath the surface. However, my experiences, and those of many of my friends and acquaintances, have demonstrated the clear reality of highly organized trafficking and ritual abuse rings that cater to the most wealthy and powerful people in the world.

My own part of the story began when I arrived in New York shortly after turning 17. In the East village of the spring of 1997, the traffic in underage flesh was flowing so freely that it should have been a five lane highway. There were a lot of "photographers" who seemed mostly interested in taking naked pictures of all the runaways in Tompkins Square for really pitiful amounts like \$20. Those pictures are probably all on the internet by now, making someone a lot of money. One night I went to a party with my friend Alice and we found a suitcase on top of the dumpster outside that was filled nearly to bursting with laminated photos of prepubescent boys and girls. The children were all either naked or in their underwear, and included in the suitcase were documents like birth certificates and social security cards. A woman who lived at the apartment we were visiting said that we shouldn't turn it in because their building was a squat and since it wasn't up to code they could get in trouble. The people at the party were under the impression that the suitcase had been planted there as a way to evict the squatters.

On another night I was wandering around with a friend named Josh and we got picked up by an older Mr. Rogers type. He brought us to an illegal after-hours club that he said was owned by the mafia. The waiters there were Italian guys who brought drugs to people's tables as if they were items on a menu. Mr. Rogers got us some coke and brought us in the bathroom to put on a show for him while he doled out bumps. A few weeks after the mafia club, I was walking down Avenue B and ran into a boy I knew named Ryan. He said he could take me to a store where the man who worked there could feed us. When we got there, the man behind the counter got on his phone to call some friends he said would help us out. Five or ten minutes later a car full of Middle-Eastern men in nice suits pulled up and they brought us both to an apartment. One of the men there wanted me and Ryan both so he brought us to a room in the back and gave us some heroin. Unfortunately, since I was already drunk at this point, my memories of the rest of the night are very sparse.

I met a lot of people when I was panhandling. Around that same time period, another businessman took me out to eat and gave me a bottle of klonopin. He told me I could stop wasting my time with small time guys because he was in the business of arranged

marriages and could hook me up with \$4000 to marry a wealthy Russian man. He assured me it would be strictly for the green card and I didn't have to live with him, but we should go to the Russian's apartment anyways. Something told me to leave that situation alone, so I took his number and told him I would think it over and get back to him. Recently I read an article in the British paper the Guardian exposing a Russian snuff porn ring that had international distribution into Italy, Britain, America and Germany. The men involved with the ring would find homeless teenagers to be in their videos by going to the train stations or orphanages and promising a meal or a place to stay for the night. A follow up article reported that prices for the videos ranged as high as \$20,000.

In DC I answered an ad for an "escort agency" in the back of the City Paper. When I arrived it became apparent that the agency was just a pimp with a small group of women. Abdul arrived to pick me up from the Metro station in a shiny black sports car with one of his women, Kelly, riding in the passenger seat. He brought me to his house right away, where he showed off his five vintage cars and a TV set that was six feet wide. Abdul told me that his family was Afghan Mafia and he would call them on me if I ever tried to leave him. He said this in as nice of a manner as he could have. Kelly told me that she liked for him to manage the money because he was better at it. Abdul owned escort agencies all across the country and claimed that much of his customer base was made up of politicians. The next day I spent with him driving me to various nice neighborhoods around DC to do outcalls. Although he took over 80% of what I made, I still walked away with nearly \$1000. To gain his trust, at the end of the day I thanked him for providing security before promising to return after picking up clothes and make-up from a friend's house. Abdul left a few messages on my cell phone, but I never returned his calls.

During the spring of 2000, I hitchhiked through Mexico with my friend Julia. We spent most of the trip camping in the city and countryside, which was way more of a hassle than we had planned on. On the edge of a small town right outside of Mexico City, we searched through overcrowded streets for a place to sleep. Eventually, exhausted and resigned to a less than adequate night's rest, we unrolled sleeping bags in the driveway of a building that looked to be vacant. In the middle of the night, a car full of men and women rolled up and one of the men got out and began speaking to us rapidly in Spanish. Since my grasp of Spanish is minimal at best, the only thing I understood was that he wanted us to come inside the house where we could stay. And like insects flying into a light, we followed the men into what was clearly a whorehouse while their women waited outside in the car.

Inside the building there was a bar and a group of women standing around it in tight spandex dresses. After the men spoke to them for a few minutes, they led us downstairs to a cement room with all the charm of a military bunker. On a bare mattress was a pair of black underwear, on the floor a bloody condom, and a sink in the corner held a collection of used speculums. Within a few minutes we were asleep. In the morning we awoke to discover that someone had locked us into the tiny room. While I was panicking from visions of white slavery, Julia threw her pack out the window and swung it up and

onto the roof. Looking out the window, I saw that we were on the side of what appeared to be a steep cliff, although I don't know for sure, because the bottom wasn't visible due to all the dense foliage. But we took our chances anyway and clambered out onto the roof. When we jumped off of it on the other side of the building, a large group of children crowded around to watch.

In the fall of 2002 I was 22 but could have easily passed for younger. Wandering around North Beach one night I got picked up by a white guy named Frank who said he was an insurance salesman. When I got into his car he asked to see my ID and insisted that I must be 16. I obligingly showed him my ID but that didn't convince him. When he eventually incorporated the 16-year old thing into a fantasy he was having, I understood what he was into and agreed that I was 16 and had been lying to him all along. Over the course of the night, my age gradually decreased until eventually I was about 11. At one point, he asked that I get his inhaler out of the glove compartment and when I opened it, a huge pile of laminated photos fell out. The pictures were glamour shots of two girls, probably about 5 or 6, posed provocatively in different positions, sometimes clothed, sometimes naked or in frilly underwear. He told me they were his daughters and I decided the safest thing to do would be to pretend that I was into little girls too. I was concerned about him seeking retribution since I had discovered his secret, even if he wanted to be discovered.

He drove us across the bridge and into Marin County, where he lived in a wholesome looking townhouse. Inside the walls were cluttered with many photos of the same two girls as well as a constantly recurring Disney theme. There were so many pictures of Frank's daughters that I could barely see the walls. Upstairs his bedroom had a king size bed, a TV that looked to be about 5 feet across, and a vast collection of porn. Frank had done so much speed that he couldn't get it up the whole night so instead we talked about his fantasies. I encouraged him to talk about anything he wanted and even participated to a certain extent.

He told me that he really enjoyed 13-year-old runaways. Frank said he liked to videotape a group of his friends gang raping them, after which he would post the videos all over the internet. I made a careful effort not to appear judgemental about anything he told me and did my best to play the part of the willing voyeur to his confessions. He asked me if I knew any girls like that and I assured him that I knew many and could hook him up if he brought me back to the city. He promised to pay me extra if I could do that for him. On the trip back I talked about nothing but the girls I knew and what he would do to them. When he dropped me off on Polk Street, I told him that I would be right back and disappeared out of sight as quickly as possible. I never saw him again, but by the end of the night Frank had given me about \$400. At the time I didn't know it, but Marin County is actually the center of a large child trafficking ring that Frank was most likely connected to. But that part of the story doesn't happen for a few more years.

Several summers ago, my friend Chris returned from Portland and told me about his run in with what was most likely another trafficking ring. Walking down Stark street one afternoon, he got picked up by an older man who brought him over to an apartment. The

man told Chris that he was a little older than he preferred, although Chris was only 19 at the time and could have easily passed for 15. The walls of the apartment were decorated with life size photos of blonde prepubescent boys who were artistically posed with sullen expressions on their faces. Chris said the apartment seemed un-lived in because it was unusually clean with freshly polished floors, fancy antique furniture and a bed with perfectly creased corners. There was nothing there that made it seem at all personalized. He described it as seeming like an expensive hotel room designed as a shrine to underage flesh.

If it wasn't for all the stories I heard, I probably would never have become so interested in the subject of elite trafficking. Academics will tell you to discount rumors as irrelevant old wives tales, but at what point does a story become legitimate? Maybe when it has footnotes? If someone that you trust completely tells you a story that they swear up and down is true, when do you believe them? It is interesting how many people I know who have worked as escorts, or other slightly more respectable jobs in the sex industry, have never been exposed to either trafficking or kiddie porn types of organizations. I think that people who are into seriously vile activities like trafficking or pedophilia think that they can relax and let it all hang out around street people because they are just human garbage anyways, not like the upstanding citizens that many of those people are probably married to.

In Portland, my closest friend was an ex-marine named Billy who had just gotten out of prison. He told me he was framed for murder because he found out about a trafficking ring that many of Portland's politicians were involved in. Billy was trained to work in construction in tunnels beneath the city, a job that he said he wouldn't have gotten except for classified clearance he received while still in the military. Billy told me that he discovered a warehouse connected to the basement of a psychiatric ward where many military personnel and city government workers, including the district attorney, were frequent visitors. The women, and possibly men, who were being sold there were former patients in the psychiatric facility.

During the time that I was close with Billy, his picture appeared in the paper in an article about convicted felons who were released to halfway houses. The caption accompanying his photo described him as a "convicted serial killer." Billy said that after he went to the police about the trafficking ring he discovered, he was accused of the murder of several local prostitutes. One afternoon he took my friend Casey and I on a hike through Forest Park. We walked for miles away from any houses or civilization to a large system of ventilation grates that military personnel supposedly used as an entrance into the tunnel complex.

I paid attention to his story because my own experience has confirmed that there is a military/police presence in the infrastructure beneath American cities. A week after September 11th, I arrived in New York after a long absence. Some crackheads in the park told me about how the military was swarming all over the abandoned parts of the subways and so, since I had lived in the tunnels on and off for several years, I decided to see what they were doing to my former home. Walking down the tracks towards an

abandoned station, I ran into a police officer that told me he was under orders to shoot anyone he saw. Eventually he let me go after I talked to him for a few minutes.

I was drawn to the subways in the first place because of rumors I had heard about the city infrastructure. In Atlanta, a friend described 12-foot-high tunnels that ran beneath the freeways. He said that the tunnel floors were large enough to accommodate a hummer. While wandering through them he encountered a group of heavily armed military personnel who told him the same thing the police officer later told me—that they were under orders to shoot anyone they saw. Another friend, also from Atlanta, discovered this military infrastructure by accident while she and her boyfriend were looking for a place to sleep. In an abandoned factory they found a staircase that led to a lower level. This level led to another successive level and each of these basements was in turn the size of another factory. In the final basement my friend found a room full of computers and heavily armed military personnel who told her that she was in a restricted area and needed to leave.

A commonly recurring thread among people I have known is the story of religious cults who are deeply involved in the trafficking of children and young adults. This phenomenon has been characterized as satanic ritual abuse, which is really not very accurate, since Satanism is a religion whose system of belief is dependent on Christian ideas, making it essentially Christian in its origins. Besides, many modern historians agree that Christianity is basically a combination of the traditions of earlier polytheistic religions, which means it is basically a pagan religion in disguise. I don't trust any of these religions since they have all been used for social indoctrination at one point or another. Many if not most instances of ritual abuse can be traced back to Christian churches, although there are also a lot of associations with new age type religions as well.

Ritual abuse gained international attention during the trial of Marc Dutroux, a Belgian serial killer who kidnapped dozens of underage girls and later imprisoned them in a soundproof torture chamber in his basement. Although the public record states that Dutroux's only source of income was state welfare, he owned six mansions across the country that were alleged by several of his surviving victims to have been paid for by a high-level child pornography ring. They also told stories of large cement tunnels leading out from beneath the basement. One of his accomplices, Jean Michel Nihoul, went on court record stating that he had trafficked several of Dutroux's girls into orgies that were attended by prominent government officials and law enforcement officers. The chief investigating magistrate, Marc Verwilghen, was so convinced that he went so far as to say "For me, the Dutroux affair is an issue of organized crime." Dutroux had earlier served three years in prison for the rape and torture of five young girls.

Shortly after his release, Dutroux's neighbors went to the police with reports that they heard children's voices coming from his basement. After a brief search of the premises, the investigation was dropped. CNN reported that "police ignored tips from an informant who said Dutroux was building secret cellars to hold girls before selling them abroad." The Guardian elaborated "Belgian police could have saved the lives of two children allegedly murdered by the paedophile Marc Dutroux if they had watched a video seized

from his home which showed him building their hidden cell.” When the evidence for a powerful network of well-connected child traffickers became too great to ignore, Belgian citizens came out to the streets in droves, blocked traffic and brought cities to a halt with a general strike that was called for by the families of Dutroux’s victims.

One of the first people who told me about ritual abuse was a girl named Aurora. She had left an abusive home at the age of 13 and was shortly after adopted by a cult that her boyfriend’s family participated in. Aurora said that as part of her initiation, she and other children younger than herself were forced to torture animals. During one of the rituals, children were tied to chairs and whipped before adult members of the family took turns having sex with them. Aurora told me that the kids were constantly being tested by their ability to endure pain, and the weaker members were sometimes killed.

Aurora said there was a hotel right by 16th and Mission where she had been held at gunpoint and abused for several days by a group of Mexicans. She told me that the manager of the hotel had collaborated with these men to keep her there and ignored her calls for help even when he was standing right on the other side of the door. Shortly afterwards, another girl I know named Maria told me that she experienced the exact same thing at the same hotel. She even repeated the same detail about the manager standing on the other side of the door. I never told Maria about what happened to Aurora either so I doubt she was making it up. The Mexicans were part of an organized gang called the Border Brothers who trafficked in narcotics and had kidnapped Maria on several occasions when she was a child. The first time that she was taken came as a result of her mother’s drug debt. Another woman I know told me that the Border Brothers are famous for their violent rape and trafficking of prostitutes and she cautioned me against even discussing them.

One of the girls I knew from both Telegraph and Haight Street also told me about her experiences with trafficking rings. When I told her that I was writing this story, she asked me to tell as many people as possible. Over the course of a number of years, Jenna told me about an elite network of girls priced in the \$10,000 range who are passed around by the wealthiest men in the nation. Since these men are often politicians or prominent businessmen whose work means exposure to the public sphere, they operate in this way in order to maintain secrecy and prevent a public scandal. Jenna had been trained to be part of this enterprise by a family who was deeply involved in organized crime. By the way of her family connections, she worked in elite prostitution, party promotion and the black market sale of narcotics.

Networking with a tiny group of wealthy Bay Area socialites led Jenna to private warehouse parties where she witnessed instances of human trafficking as well as ritual abuse. She said that within some of these buildings were entrances to tunnels where she saw men transporting groups of female prostitutes. The raves Jenna frequented often had orgy rooms, as well as chill out rooms where people went when they had done too much ecstasy. Sometimes the parties were centered around an organized ritual presided over by a high priestess. Part of the ritual involved the high priestess having sex with all of the men in the building in order to gain their power. In the middle of the night, someone who

was unpopular or owed someone drug money would be ritually sacrificed in front of an altar while the ravers danced and performed focused meditations to the rhythm of the music.

For those who haven't experienced this kind of ritual abuse first hand, or had a loved one who has, these types of stories will almost certainly sound implausible. If it wasn't for the events of the next few years, I probably would never have fully believed them. Shortly after hearing about the experiences of Jenna and Aurora, I coincidentally found the writing of Fritz Springmeier and the stories I had heard began to make a lot more sense. Springmeier details how ritual abuse was created by intelligence agencies that could create subservient personalities by the practice of trauma-based brainwashing.

Under the Monarch Project, a sub-project of MKUltra, psychiatrists employed by the CIA and M16 discovered that when the mind confronts trauma too difficult to process, it creates amnesiac barriers that splinter the personality into different selves. One of the effects of this process is that the brain overcompensates for this disability by the formation of nearly superhuman abilities. One doctor involved with the Monarch project, Ewen Cameron, later went on to become president of the World Psychiatric Association. Among many of the experiments performed by Cameron was one during which he removed sections of his "patient's" brains after dosing them with LSD without their knowledge. Eventually, psychiatrists discovered that the subjects of the Monarch Project often developed photographic memory, an abnormally high tolerance to pain, and even paranormal abilities like ESP. These abilities allowed intelligence agencies to use their patients as programmed assassins, human computers, elite sex slaves and spies enhanced with clairvoyance. If ESP sounds scientifically impossible, then consider that in the summer of 2007 Japanese scientists invented a device that could move a model train by processing brain activity through a mapping device. The mapping device was connected by optical fibers to a band around the head of a research subject performing simple calculations that would in turn move the model train forward along the tracks. In previous years, this "new invention" would have been called telekinesis.

Ritual abuse has been closely related to the Monarch Project on many different occasions, but for those who live in the Bay Area, the most relevant case may be that of Army Lieutenant Colonel Michael Aquino. He was a psychologist and brainwashing specialist who, during the 80s, was implicated in a ritual abuse ring operating out of a daycare center in the Presidio. The San Jose Mercury News reported children's stories of being abused by Aquino during rituals of the Temple of Set, an offshoot of the Church of Satan that Aquino founded in the mid seventies. In recent years, Aquino was accused of trafficking children into the Bohemian Grove, an exclusive summer camp for the nation's elite. Around this time, a radio talk show host named Alex Jones infiltrated the Grove and videotaped a ritual where men in white robes circled around a 50 foot tall white owl and performed a "mock" human sacrifice. In his documentary about Bohemian Grove, Jones displays newspaper articles from the early 1900s that openly discuss how the Bohemians cart in an actual corpse every year to be burned as an effigy. Past attendees of the retreat have included Reagan, Bush sr. and jr., Bill Clinton and William Randolph Hearst. Clips of Jones' video footage of the ritual are freely available all over the web.

When I read about how Monarch subjects developed paranormal abilities, it instantly made me think of Aurora, who has been interested in occult practices like astrology and telepathy for as long as I have known her. She once told me that she had been repeatedly harassed to join the Ordo Templi Orientis, an occult organization that wanted to use her for her abilities. In the abandoned building where we used to stay sometimes, she frequently had visions of a young girl in a white nightgown hovering over her at night. Many people have since told me that she is gifted with mind reading abilities, which I have experienced to a certain extent myself.

After her ordeal at the hotel in the Mission, Aurora began to slip into periods of catatonia. I would see her sitting immobile and speechless for hours at a stretch on the sidewalk and even the Haight Street kids said she was going crazy. Sometimes I would sit and talk to her for awhile and occasionally she would respond with a few words or sentences. Based on her facial expression and word choice, I could tell that her intelligence was the same as always and her personality intact, although buried under layers of emotional trauma. When Aurora was gone for a few days, I asked around and found out she had been sent to the psych ward at SF General Hospital.

I went to visit and saw right away that she was very different from her old self. Her eyes were glazed and she walked with a slow stumble, the characteristic Thorazine shuffle. She seemed confused and incoherent, although she was at least able to tell me what medications she was on. My friend Natasha works as an advocate for mental health clients, so I asked her about the side effects of antipsychotics. Natasha sounded very worried, since she was a friend of Aurora as well. She told me that antipsychotics are often linked to extreme brain damage. So I did my own research and discovered that researchers have even acknowledged a particular form of brain damage caused by taking atypical antipsychotics. They call this new disease neuroleptic-induced deficit syndrome (NIDS). The symptoms of NIDS are very nearly identical to those of Parkinson's disease. NIDS is estimated to affect anywhere from 67 to 100 percent of drug-treated patients. As recently as the 1970s, the Soviets used psychiatric medications as a way to quiet and punish political dissidents. People whose ideas were threatening to the Soviet government were diagnosed with schizophrenia and their reformist ideas interpreted as proof of their delusions. In 1972, the U.S. Senate began an investigation into the Soviets' "abuse of psychiatry for [the purpose of] political repression."

One patient, Leonid Plyushch, a mathematician who spent several years in Soviet concentration camps, spoke before a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences: "The purpose was to force the patient to change his convictions. Along with me there were common criminals who simulated [mental] illness to get away from the labor camps, but when they saw the side effects – twisted muscles, a disfigured face, a thrust-out tongue – they admitted what they had done and were returned to camp."

Another patient remembers: "...As a result of the treatment, all the subtle distinctiveness of a person is wiped away.... Those who take aminazine completely deteriorate after taking it. Intellectually, they become more and more uncouth and primitive. Although I am afraid of death, let them shoot me rather than this. How loathsome, how sickening is

the very thought that they will defile and crush my soul.”

The next day Natasha and I went to go visit Aurora to tell her about the drugs she had been prescribed. Natasha told Aurora that Risperdal, the medication she was taking at the time, has been linked to extreme brain damage and birth defects, a problem that was relevant because Aurora was pregnant. I doubted her ability to understand what we were saying, since she was speaking very slowly and slurring her words like a very drunk person, something that I had never seen her do before. But I was without recourse since I wasn't related to her and had no legal rights to remove her from the hospital. In the end we gave her a copy of a book by psychiatrist Peter Breggin, called *Your drug may be your problem: how and why to stop taking psychiatric medication*, which details all of the dangers of antipsychotics. Later I found out that one of the nurses had thrown it away while Aurora was sleeping.

Eventually she was released from the psych ward, but only under the condition that she remained on antipsychotics indefinitely. Since her stay at the hospital, I have seen her on a number of occasions, and her personality has never been the same. Aurora seems to have been reduced mentally to the age of a young child. Recently I saw her wandering down Mission Street half-dressed and barefoot, wrapped in a dirty blanket and missing a few teeth. Although she is a white girl, her feet were as black as coal and it looked as if she hadn't bathed in months. When I tried to talk to her, she spoke in garbled, incomplete sentences and seemed as if she didn't even recognize me, despite the fact that we have known each other for about eight years. In a just world, the doctors who destroyed Aurora's mind and personality would be jailed, but psychiatric abuse has yet to be truly recognized as a human rights issue, so there is a long way to go before doctors and drug company CEOs can be held accountable for their actions.

Unfortunately, Aurora's story is far from being an anomaly. It is extremely common for victims of ritual abuse and trauma-based brainwashing to be forcibly medicated and dismissed as delusional. One of the most famous cases of this kind of cover up is that of Frank Olson, a biochemist who was employed by the CIA to do research involving biological warfare and interrogation techniques for the MKULTRA Project. When Olson witnessed his colleagues performing lobotomies and electroshock on foreign POWs, he decided to come forward and expose the project for the human rights violation that it is. Within a few days, he was dosed with LSD without his knowledge by CIA personnel who then committed him to a psychiatric facility. Olson wasn't there for long before he was thrown to his death from an 18th story window.

Although the US government claims that his death was a suicide, Olson's son believes differently. Eric Olson has been writing a book centered around the idea that Frank Olson was murdered because of his knowledge concerning the overlap between MKULTRA and biological warfare experiments performed on US citizens and foreign POWs. During an investigation into CIA abuses steered by the Rockefeller Commission, CIA director William Colby released a stack of documents pertaining to Olson's "suicide". The documents outline the conflicting stories of the only witness to Olson's death, CIA employee Dr. Robert Ashbrook, who first stated that he saw Frank plunge

through the window and then later changed the story to say that he was awakened by the sound of shattered glass and only realized that Olson was gone when he noticed the empty bed across from where he had been sleeping. Even the New York Times reported that the Colby documents appeared to be “elliptical, incoherent, and contradictory.” The *Times* stated that: “Taken as a whole, the file is a jumble of deletions, conflicting statements, unintelligible passages and such unexplained terms as the “Artichoke Committee” and “Project Bluebird” that tend to confuse more than enlighten...” When the Olson family was informed of Frank’s death, they were told that his body was too mutilated to be seen. The casket was finally opened 41 years later to reveal that, contrary to the New York Medical Examiner’s report of 1953, Frank Olson’s body remained intact and recognizable. The forensic team discovered a suspicious hematoma on the temple that they concluded could only have come from a blow to the head. Based on this evidence, as well as a string of inconsistencies involved with the CIA’s version of the story, in 1996 the New York District Attorney’s office opened a homicide investigation into the circumstances surrounding Frank Olson’s death. During the course of the investigation, a source close to Israeli intelligence came to the DA with an allegation that Olson’s murder had been used as a model case of a perfect murder at an assassination training unit of the Mossad that was stationed right outside of Tel Aviv. The New York DA was also provided with a CIA training manual that had been used as a template for Israeli intelligence assassination techniques. The many synchronicities between the manual and Olson’s case led the Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case to state that “The assassination manual reads like a script for the murder of Frank Olson. The only question is which came first, the manual or the murder. Was the manual based on the murder or was the murder carried out according to the manual?”

Over the course of the past decade, I have known many people who have suffered as a result of their involvement in brainwashing programs very similar to those witnessed by Frank Olson. Nothing out of the ordinary ever happened as a result of these acquaintances until I met Bobby. I have to admit, with a certain amount of embarrassment, that when he first told me about his family and their involvement with organized ritual abuse I suspected him to be a compulsive liar. He told me that his family was descended from William Randolph Hearst and had been involved in cult activities for decades. Bobby said that they were the richest black family in all of Sonoma County and owned properties all across the country. Although he was homeless and his story seemed unlikely, I tried to remain open minded, since it was apparent that he had acquired a great deal of education.

When Bobby was a teenager his family tried to recruit him into a San Francisco cult that performed serial killings on white people. His initiation into the cult involved murdering three white babies. When he learned what he was being asked to do, Bobby escaped his family and came to the city. This particular detail is what caused me to dismiss the story as a paranoid fantasy. Years later I discovered a newspaper article that confirmed the existence of Bobby's cult. The Zebra Killers were a black supremacist group that was responsible for the deaths of at least 16 white people between 1973 and 1974. A researcher named Alex Constantine linked the cult to the CIA, who even sent some of their agents out in blackface in an attempt to disrupt the civil rights movement and

initiate a race war. Bobby had also told me that his family had ties to the Klu Klux Klan, as well as the upper levels of Bay Area politics and business. As a child he was even introduced to members of the Klan's hierarchy. He believed that a network of individuals involved with his family were stalking him in an effort to get him to rejoin the cult. Bobby said that he had received death threats because he threatened to reveal their secrets.

Although I was skeptical of many of his claims, I sometimes brought him over to stay at Chris's apartment on Linda Street. Bobby believed that a network of cultists had been responsible for the murders of homeless prostitutes throughout the city. This is when I began to take him seriously, since I had been hearing about these murders for years. One of my best friends had even found a bag full of fingers in Golden Gate Park. When I was staying in the park, I often heard screams in the middle of the night, and once awoke to discover that I had wrapped myself in a blanket that was splattered with blood. Mixed in with the blankets were some women's clothes and a couple of used condoms. Since that particular spot was a place where I had frequently camped with Aurora, when I arrived there I had believed the blanket to be hers. Another guy I knew, a speed dealer named David, told me that he used to sell speed to a group of professional gay men who had a "gentleman's club" that participated in the ritual sacrifice of homeless prostitutes. At one point, David had even found a human arm in their trashcan.

A few months after this I ran into Angelica, a tranny whore I have known for years, at a leather bar off of Market Street. Without me repeating David's story, she told me she had witnessed a group of gay businessmen ritually sacrifice a female prostitute in the basement of another gay bar. One of the things I have always had a hard time with about Angelica is that she has serious racism issues and is not afraid to vocalize them in as offensive of a manner as possible. Once I was on a bus with her going through the Bay View and she started screaming at all the black people and calling them niggers. I think the only reason we weren't seriously injured is that she looked completely unstable and capable of violence. Angelica told me that the group of gay men involved with the murders also had ties with the Aryan Nation. She had mixed feelings about the whole venture, especially when I asked her for an extended interview. Eventually Angelica decided against revealing more information, since she had been raised by the Aryan Nation and couldn't betray their loyalties.

After Bobby put some of these pieces together for me, I began asking questions of many more people. It was around this time that I first experienced what I believe to be surveillance by intelligence agencies. At the apartment on Linda Street, I checked my voicemail and heard dozens of messages containing strange electronic noises like blips and beeps. Bobby claimed that the calls were typical of the sorts of harassment he had been receiving from his family. But my friends told me to stop being paranoid--the calls probably came from a mechanized telemarketer. At the same time, someone had been going through the trash every night and scattering the contents across the sidewalk. I had a notebook that I had been writing this story in, and when I moved out of the apartment, I ripped out the most important pages and stupidly threw the rest of the notebook away. That night someone methodically went through my notebook, ripped out every page,

crumpled them each into a ball and left the pages scattered across the sidewalk. I should also mention that not one trash bag on our entire street was ripped into besides ours. Still, any one of these incidents could easily be interpreted as an unsettling coincidence.

One of my favorite places to go that winter was the UCSF medical library, because unlike the public library, it was quiet and I could stay on the internet for as long as I wanted. One day I brought Bobby there with me and after spending a few hours reading we went outside to get some fresh air. I found a spot not far from the library on a street empty of traffic where we sat down on the sidewalk to talk. We weren't there for more than twenty minutes before an expensive black car rounded the corner, slowly rolled down the street and turned diagonally towards us over the curb before stopping a few inches away from our feet. Inside the driver's seat was a white man in a black suit and black sunglasses who stared at us without expression. Without exchanging a word, we got to our feet and walked down the street and away from the black car. When I told acquaintances of mine that I knew from the entirely different world of progressive politics, I could see by the look on their faces that they thought I had finally lost it.

One afternoon Bobby told me that he wanted to show me something and so the two of us walked over to Linda Street, where a new mural had been painted in the spot by Chris's apartment where the garbage had been ripped open. The mural depicted a black guy who looked quite a bit like Bobby standing underneath the city with occult symbols surrounding him. What was truly strange was that the man in the painting had a crescent shaped scar over his right eyebrow the same as Bobby. He interpreted it as a warning that he could become the next "false initiation". Apparently it was common practice for the cult gathered around Hearst to induct a black man into their ranks only to eventually sacrifice him to the owl statue that they named Moloch after the Babylonian deity of the same name.

A few days later, Bobby got into a bit of trouble in the park. We were just sitting on the grass when a big group of guys walked up to another guy and started beating him over the head with skateboards. When Bobby rushed over to break up the fight, the group of boys turned on him with their skateboards and in a very short time Bobby hit the ground flat. After my dog chased the attackers away, I saw that he was lying in a pool of blood. Luckily there was a hospital right down the street where doctors told Bobby that the boys had brought him very close to death.

During the weeks leading up to the mural's appearance, we had been having many conversations about the different variety of intelligence projects that are rumored to occur within underground bases. One of the projects that Bobby claimed to have witnessed involved experimentation on homeless people with microwave rays, a practice that left them with cancerous skin growths and altered brain chemistry. The last time I saw him was shortly after he had recovered from being attacked in the park. Bobby told me that his family connections would allow him to enter a base near his hometown in order to expose the gruesome experiments that had been occurring there. The last time I saw him he said he was on his way north in an effort to rejoin the cult and infiltrate the organization. That was five years ago and none of his friends have seen Bobby since.

I continued to talk to many people about the murders that had been occurring throughout the city. My good friend's mother told me about her time spent wandering in the tunnels. A boyfriend of hers had shown her the entrance to one of them in the back room of a Chinatown hotel, so one night she went exploring alone while on a speed binge. Lily found enormous storm drains that she followed for a good distance beneath the streets. Many of these branched off into smaller tunnels, one of which she followed until becoming lost. When rounding a corner, she smelled something horrible and looked down to see a pentagram stretched about six feet across on the floor of the tunnel, drawn in blood. Around the pentagram were written the names of many people she knew, people who were for the most part tweaker whores or their dealers.

Lily's boyfriend was a dealer called Sundance who later went to prison for his part in aiding a San Francisco based serial killer. Her long term relationship with him eventually resulted in Lily being subpoenaed to testify during the killer's trial. The Chronicle reported that Jack Bokin was a plumber who had been murdering prostitutes throughout China Basin and the Mission. Sundance played his part by hooking the killer up with girls, despite the fact that he probably knew exactly what Bokin was doing. After Bokin went to prison, the murders seem to have continued at the same pace, but without surfacing in the papers. My friend Danny was sleeping in a tent underneath the freeway, in a spot where he heard screams every night the same as I had in the park. One morning he was asked to leave by the highway patrol who told him to watch out because that location had been used by a serial killer to deposit his bodies.

Another friend Marie has a boyfriend, Chaco, who works as an EMT. Chaco was sent out one night to clean up an accident in a hotel in the Tenderloin. He arrived to see a room that had been meticulously arranged, with an altar, candles and body parts strewn across the floor. Since then Chaco has been sent to the same hotel to an identical scene on several different occasions. One of the rumors that I have repeatedly heard is that many of the bodies found in both Buena Vista and Golden Gate parks have been decapitated. What I wonder is why these murders never end up in the papers. While I was researching this paper, an online acquaintance mentioned to me that their Dad's friend was a detective who investigated a string of murders that happened in Golden Gate Park. At least one of them involved the decapitation of a homeless person, a fact that never became public knowledge. What is strange about this is that there are a lot of urban legends on Haight street about a killer who decapitates homeless people.

In November of 2004, I went to go stay with a girl named Sherry at an apartment on Valencia Street for about a month. She was living rent free with a sugar daddy landlord named Navin whose family was Indian Mafia, the same group of people who owned all the scummy hotels in the Tenderloin. Sherry came from a very strange family. Her mother was part of a religious cult and briefly had a CIA boyfriend. Sherry's Dad was a former heroin dealer who collected swords and was by all accounts not a very nice man. While staying in Navin's apartment building it was impossible to get any privacy because he insisted the doors to the apartment remained unlocked at all times so that he could barge in unannounced. He had a lot of different women living in the building rent free

and it seemed that he had given up even attempting to make any money off of it. Although his buildings were barely up to code, Navin lived in a mansion in the Marina and spent all of his time partying as far as I could tell. Sherry wanted to bring me to one of the parties but it seemed like the sort of thing that we really should have been getting paid for. The party hosts insisted that anyone who attended remove all of their clothes at the door, after which they would be ushered into a room without any lights. After Sherry told me about the details of the party, I decided not to go.

Shortly after Thanksgiving of that year, Navin kicked us out and I got my own room in Oakland. During that winter, I spent a lot of time on the phone with Sherry when we weren't staying at each other's houses. A lot of our conversations bordered on phone sex, mostly revolving around our mutual pimp and his fantasies. If I had any idea that someone was paying close attention to these calls, I probably would have been a bit more modest, but as it was the situation devolved into a significant problem for the both of us. The first thing to let me know something was wrong was when we both started receiving dozens of phone calls that had static or blips and beeps in the background, which again would have seemed fairly minor if it wasn't for my previous experience.

During this time I had a voice mail number that I had only given out to four people, all of who were friends. One night I got a phone call from what sounded like a black guy who said "Hi, this is your pimp. You should have paid me by now so I shouldn't even have to be calling you." My first thought was that Sherry had gotten one of her friends to leave the message as a practical joke, so I just laughed and deleted it. But she said that she didn't have anything to do with the message and so did all the rest of my friends. A few weeks later, Sherry received a phone call from an older man who said he found her from an ad she had left on Craigslist. He wanted to spend the night with her and in exchange he would give her a truck. What is strange about this is that she had been telling me about how she wanted a truck beyond any other kind of car. For months she had been telling me this.

Sherry accused me of posting the ad despite my insistence that I didn't. She believed that I invented the story of the pimp voicemail message as a way to get attention, or something like that. I was starting to be confused. I had only known her for a few months--was it possible she had invented the entire situation as a way to manipulate me? I began to wonder how well I knew my friends. Considering that each person who had my voice mail number knew this situation was causing me a considerable amount of stress, it was disturbing to know that someone didn't know when to quit the "joke". One night I received a message on my answering machine in an electronically manipulated voice that said "You're fucked." in quite an ominous tone.

A few weeks later I discovered a record store I had never been to before in Alameda. I had a strange moment at one point when my eye caught the CD of a folk singer named Michelle Shocked. The CD cover brought back a memory of sitting on the floor in the kitchen of my old house in Chicago while my mom played a Michelle Shocked cassette and cooked dinner. When I saw the CD, I clearly remember thinking that I hadn't thought about or heard any Michelle Shocked in about 15 years. That night I got home to

another curious message on the answering machine. This time it was what sounded like an older man who said, "Hi, this is Michelle Shocked, I'm looking for some ladies." When I heard the man's voice my blood ran cold. I hadn't mentioned the Michelle Shocked memory to anyone, so now I realized that none of the previous messages had been left by Sherry. The Michelle Shocked message was most likely an instance of what the intelligence community calls remote viewing, a practice typically only engaged in by psychically trained spies. The phrase "I'm looking for some ladies" has a personal history as well.

One time while living in DC I visited my mom, who gave me the key and said she wouldn't be home that night until late. This was during a time that I was working at a legitimate escort agency and I made the unfortunate mistake of giving my mother's phone number out to one of my clients, naively thinking that he would be respectful and only call during the times that I specified. I left that night around nine, and in the middle of the night my mom received a call from a man who said "Hi, I'm looking for a lady". Since I was living with another ex-prostitute at the time I received the Michelle Shocked phone call, the man who called could have been referring to her, or possibly Sherry. When I spoke with her a few months ago, she was enrolled in some kind of training institute for clairvoyants.

Not more than a few days after the Michelle Shocked call, I woke up in my attic loft bed around 6 AM to the sight of a black helicopter hovering 30 feet outside my window. I had been warned on an internet conspiracy forum that if I pursued the subject of ritual abuse and human trafficking, I could expect a visit from a black helicopter. I lay in my bed for half an hour watching the helicopter before going down the ladder for a minute to retrieve my glasses so that I could get a better look inside to see who was the pilot. By the time I got back, it was gone. I asked the neighbors and they all told me there had been no drug busts or arrests in the neighborhood that week.

Recently I came across the websites of several different civil liberties activists who have detailed the phenomenon of organized gang stalking. As a continuation of the FBI's COINTELPRO operations, in the early 1990's the federal government began employing independent citizens to target and harass activists who were believed to be a threat to national security. Gang stalking is financed under cover by corporations and often carried out by organizations like Community Oriented Policing Services. The intent of the stalking and harassment is to psychologically demoralize the subject and make him or her appear mentally unstable in order that their experiences and stories will not be believed. Most of the practices that make up the gang stalking phenomenon are actually quite subtle. Some of the tactics I found the most relevant were "trash strewn on the target's lawn, driveway and property in such manner as to make it obvious that it was a deliberate act...sending the target messages that let the target know they are being watched...day-in and day-out hang-up phone calls or wrong numbers".

During the spring of that year my landlord illegally raised the rent again and again and since I have a temperamental rottweiler mix and no credit history, my options were limited. I eventually ended up getting a job at a BDSM house in East Oakland. People

have often told me that dominatrix jobs are the best because you are always in control of what happens. But my boss Kitty turned out to be one of those people who takes the dominatrix thing way too seriously. The whole time I was there she pressured me to work as a submissive despite my insistence that I wouldn't be doing that. Kitty would even go so far as scheduling sessions with me as a submissive and then getting angry and coercive when I refused to meet with the clients. Fortunately a good portion of the customers there were likable and interesting people so I tried to ignore the conflicts that I was having with her.

After I spent a few months giving spankings to petulant businessmen, Kitty let it slip that one of her clients used to be a serial killer named Charles Ng who kept women chained up to toilets in his basement for months at a time. His partner in crime, Leonard Lake, was also a customer. Apparently every girl who worked there had bottomed to them at one point in time, although none of those girls were working there anymore since my boss never seemed to keep employees for long. After Kitty told several of us who worked there about Ng and his revolting appetites, the other girls started getting freaked out about it and she refused to answer my questions and tried to change the subject. She must have realized that it was bad for business.

It wasn't very difficult, however, for me to find information on Ng and Lake since she had already given me his name. I read their entire article on crimelibrary.com and discovered that the killers had been found with detailed blueprints for a network of underground bunkers that they could use to transport guns, food and sex slaves that they would use to repopulate the earth after the imminent apocalypse. Lake had even bragged to his girlfriend about his participation in a satanic "death cult" based out of San Francisco. Like many serial killers, they seemed to have some kind of arrangement with the police. When the cops were called out to his property he had dozens of bodies buried in the backyard and some women were still being kept alive in the back room. Even so, they decided to wait on searching his property. I wondered about the reasoning behind such staggering incompetence, since I had witnessed pretty much the exact same type of police cover up in my own life on several different occasions.

Bobby had told me a few years previously that an ex-military man we knew named Twilight was involved with some of the killings going on in the city. Bobby believed him to have ties to the Church of Satan. Twilight was like a tweaker pedophile version of the pied piper, luring underage boys with drugs, stuffed animals and promises of ninja training. He bragged to me of hosting drug-fueled orgies composed entirely of underage boys out by the abandoned castle behind the zoo, a place that was referred to as Camelot. I would sometimes see him around the city with boys who looked to be as young as eight, but more often he was with slightly older runaways. On several occasions, groups of street kids from the park got together and gave Twilight a royal beatdown, although he never seemed to have any interference from the police.

Twilight told me that he was a trained assassin who had killed many people. One day when I was talking to him he lifted his shirt to reveal a perfectly sculpted six pack like off of the cover of a muscle magazine. Friends of mine who stayed out at Camelot told me

that he usually supplied them with copious amounts of alcohol and methamphetamine. They said that he had hidden guns and swords all around the building to keep out anyone that he didn't want to be there. Apparently he was successful, because as of 2007, he has been the only consistent person to live there as far as I know. I was very curious about this fact, because in San Francisco it is very difficult to keep an abandoned building for any length of time due to a thriving real estate market, police interference and competition from other homeless people. Twilight is the only person I know who has ever managed to keep a building for a number of years, so I asked him how he was able to secure an entire castle all for himself and his guests. He told me that the city paid him to "protect the children".

On another day, I was sitting in the Dolores Park with a large group of people including Twilight. When a police officer walked up and told us all to leave, Twilight responded by performing martial arts on the officer, who had to call back up and have him taken to jail. Not less than two days later, I saw him sitting on the sidewalk at Church and Market as if nothing had ever happened. Another curious thing about Twilight is how he always seems to have money but no one I know has ever seen him do anything to make any. One time I even saw him eating in an organic restaurant. It would seem to be ridiculously obvious that there is no way a toothless black homeless man could get away with assaulting police officers and molesting children unless he had some kind of inside connection. I thought it was interesting to note that Twilight had named his castle Camelot, because the Grail myths are a very common programming script in Monarch brainwashing programs. Each script is like a computer program that calls up a specific set of behaviors.

The connection between Twilight and Charles Ng was made apparent for me when I came across the research of Dave MacGowan. In a book called "Programmed to Kill", MacGowan writes about how many serial killers have connections to Manchurian Candidate-like brainwashing programs originating in Cold War intelligence operations. At an Oslo NATO conference of 120 psychologists, Lt. Commander Thomas Narut divulged how the Navy took convicted murderers from military prisons, trained them with behavior modification methods and then relocated the killers in American embassies worldwide. In an article about serial killer Henry Lee Lucas, MacGowan exposes how Lucas spoke of being inducted into an international satanic cult named the "Hands of Death". He claimed to have been trained in assassination techniques at a mobile paramilitary unit in the Florida Everglades. Lucas worked as a contract killer and trafficker of children and drugs, at times even being contracted to assassinate foreign dignitaries. In a similar vein of research, Maury Terry also wrote a book linking the Manson, Zodiac and Son of Sam murders into an interlocking network of politically motivated religious cults.

Ng and Twilight were far from being the only serial killers who have made inroads into my circle of friends. In Atlanta, there was a guy named Joel who everyone I knew was terrified of. A couple boys I knew had been at Joel's house one time when he walked into the living room with an arm and started bragging about how many people he had killed. He had different stories for different people, some of whom he told that he was actually a

friend to the police, and had called them on several different occasions to report finding dead bodies. Everyone was under the impression that he had some kind of "arrangement" with them. Joel also happened to be a martial arts instructor, another common area of training for mind control programs. Another friend of mine accompanied Joel into the tunnels while on a crack binge, where Joel showed him dozens of bodies with a flashlight before they left.

A few months ago, Chris told me about another killer who was based out of Manhattan. English was a burly, highly educated heroin dealer who liked to prey on street kids. The other dealers around Tompkins Square Park told Chris that he had been chased out of his own neighborhood in Brooklyn for being a serial rapist. English had violently raped many of the homeless girls in Tompkins Square Park after finding where they were staying and following them there. At one of the squats where many people were staying, English told a number of folks that he had buried bodies under the building. Several people saw him walking around with a knife that had brain matter on it, and with bloody towels on a different occasion. English had hidden knives throughout the park, mostly pushed with their hilt fully into the grass for later retrieval. He was known for attacking people there without any kind of police repercussions. Once English split a man's shoulder open with a meat cleaver about five yards away from a group of policemen. He did go to jail, but was out within a few days.

When I passed through Denver about five years ago, another traveler told me that while camping in the park, he had witnessed a van full of white men in black suits pull up to the curb, get out, drag a couple of bums back to the van with them and drive away. I have spoken to so many different people who have personally witnessed events like this that there is no way it could be a coincidence. In SF, many of the older homeless men, and a handful of people my age, told me that they saw men in black uniforms marching in military formation through Golden Gate Park in the middle of the night. My suspicion is that these coordinated and institutionalized murders are allowed to happen because they are a continuation of U.S. government eugenics programs that eventually resurfaced in military population control experiments.

In the fall of 2005, I was on a bus when I spotted a man reading one of my favorite books. We struck up a conversation and when I mentioned that I was doing a paper dealing with human trafficking, he told me I should speak to his friend Sarah whose kids had been trafficked through the court system. Thunder was a DJ for Berkeley Liberation Radio and the organizer of the Leonard Peltier drum circle that happened every month in front of the Oakland federal building. On the fourth of July, he drove me up to Stinsen Beach to do a taped interview with Sarah. She told us a story that that wove together organized crime, social services and the federal government into an intricate web of corruption. Unfortunately, since the three of us had very little knowledge about the legal system, many of the criminal maneuverings that happened around her could have been better told by someone besides myself.

Sarah's story began when she received an illegal eviction while living in Berkeley. After blowing all of her money on court fees in a failed attempt to fight the eviction, Sarah was

soon on the streets and drove up to Marin County to live out of her car with the kids. Through people she met around town, Sarah was directed to a home schooling organization called Oracle that operated out of the home of a juvenile probation officer named Don Dean. Don is a wealthy socialite who owns the Coastal Post newspaper, as well as a bar and hotel called Smiley's. Before her kids were able to join the Oracle program, Don said that Sarah needed to sign a document that would allow him to call an ambulance if one of her kids was injured on his property. He told her that her kids could live with him and they would have joint custody until Sarah found a place to live, after which he would return her custody. Sarah's case was assigned to Judge Michael Dufficy, who turned out to have some kind of arrangement with Don. She even saw them wink at each other before the hearing began. At the time she wasn't aware that she would never regain full custody of her children. Years later, after going through every agency in the phone book, a social worker mailed Sarah paperwork with her signature at the bottom stating that she was signing over complete custody to Don.

At the time of the court case, her daughter Anna was 10 and her son Ryan 17. Left without any legal option, Sarah was only able to see her kids by coming over to the house when Don wasn't there. Through what her kids told her, she discovered that the house was mostly just a crash pad for strung out underage girls for whenever they weren't living with their adult boyfriends. One day Sarah hid herself in her daughter's loft bed in order to listen to a house meeting that had been scheduled by Don. During the meeting, she learned that one of the girls who lived there had gotten four abortions within the course of one year. Don screamed at the girl, who had become pregnant again, to "take care of the problem". Ryan told Sarah that the house babysitter was a porn director who told the kids, five of whom were middle school girls, all about the business of making movies for the Mitchell Brothers. One of the girls who had previously lived at the foster home was a heroin addict who worked as a prostitute outside of Don's bar.

Through an organization called Families United Against Court Corruption (FUACC), Sarah became acquainted with a freelance journalist formerly from the Bay Cities Observer named Viginia McCullough. She had written a series of articles documenting how Marin County's Family Court and Child Protective services had a long history of covering up instances of child abuse and pedophilia within foster homes. McCullough reported on the existence of a hidden organization within the court system called the Militia, which controlled the course of events through hand signals and other coded forms of expression. Judge Michael Dufficy, as well as several other judges and the district attorney, were implicated again and again by many different families as enablers of child abuse who habitually sided with the abusive parent or foster parent.

At the center of the controversy was a woman named Carol Mardeusz, who claimed that her potential testimony in the Polly Klaas case was the greatest factor in the Marin courts taking her daughter Haleigh away during a custody hearing. Carol had originally filed a police report about two men who had been stalking her teenage daughter Natalie, as well as several of her classmates, throughout the neighborhood where they lived. Natalie and her friends identified one of the men as Richard Allen Davis, who would be arrested several weeks later for the murder of Polly Klaas. During the

beginning of Davis' trial, the Mardeusz family was arbitrarily eliminated as key witnesses in the Klaas murder by Sonoma County District Attorney Mullins.

It may be necessary here to explain the relevance of Polly's murder, since most people are unaware that her father had just finished writing a book that exposed ritual abuse networks operating out of Northern California. When Polly's body was found, it had been deposited directly outside of one of the entrances to Bohemian Grove. Crimelibrary.com reports that while he kidnapped Polly, Davis repeatedly told her two friends "I'm just doing this for the money." That same night, police stopped Davis in front of an estate while he had Polly confined within his car. Court records state that while sipping a beer, he told them that he was stopped there to pick up some marijuana and visit with associates. They let him go. Virginia McCullough discovered that the property where Davis was stopped belonged to Naomi Phillips Knock, the wife of a man who had been arrested for his association with a marijuana trafficking ring that generated \$165 million a year.

With Carol as a witness, Richard Allen Davis now had an accomplice, changing the basis of the flawed Klaas story that has been fed to countless media sources. Shortly after the removal of the Mardeusz family from the witness stand, Carol was charged with child kidnapping when she attempted to pick Haleigh up from school. The day she went into court, Judge Dufficy informed Carol that custody had been transferred to her ex boyfriend Leo Magers, a man who had already been charged with child molestation and convicted of cocaine distribution. Carol's police reports about Leo's child abuse were used to paint her as a crazy woman unfit to care for her own children. This was despite court records that stated that Leo had broken the nose of one of his previous girlfriends and locked her in a bedroom for two weeks.

During the custody hearing, Carol told the court that she had previously attempted to gain full custody when she found Haleigh's passport which bore a fake name and a photograph of the girl wearing heavy make up. She believed that Leo had gotten the passport to involve Haleigh in drug trafficking. Carol began distributing flyers that linked Leo Magers to drug and human trafficking rings closely involved with the Bohemian Grove. Her open discussion of these issues during the trial is probably what led to a perjury conviction. I wish I could have spoken with Carol personally, but unfortunately she is now in hiding while she finishes a book about trafficking networks in Northern California. Leo Magers was recently convicted of child abuse while living in Italy with Haleigh. Virginia McCullough reported that Magers was living in a condo that belonged to Judhge Michael Dufficy at the time of the arrest. When Carol provided photographs of the abuse inflicted on her daughter by Leo Magers, her story became the focal point of a popular citizen's campaign to recall Judge Dufficy and many of his associates. Many Marin and Sonoma County newspapers wrote articles about the recall campaign, although the parts about human trafficking rings were noticeably absent. One reporter for the Coastal Post newspaper, Jim Scanlon, did write an article linking the Mardusz family to a cover up in the Polly Klaas case. He died in a car accident within a few weeks of the articles publication.

One afternoon Sarah went to go visit her son, who right away asked for money. When she gave it to him, Ryan walked up to one of the bartenders at Smiley's and bought a package of white powder that she later discovered was speed. Not long after this, Sarah was at a party in Novato and one of the guests made a passing reference to "Don Dean's whorehouse". The man said that everyone around town had been talking about how Anna was seen in a hot tub with an older man at a party near Don's house. Sarah then went to see Anna, who told her that she had no memory of the night. She had been given a drink by Mary, another girl who lived at Don's, and suspected that her drink had been drugged. Sarah then went to Don's office above the bar with her friend Pearl to confront him about his mistreatment of her daughter, and he called the cops to have her removed from the premises.

On another occasion Sarah was listening to the bar band at Smiley's and was approached by a man named Armond. Armond was the head of the local Hell's Angels chapter and a big time speed dealer who claimed to have carried suitcases full of money and drugs across Lake Victoria in Canada. Armond came from a mafia family and was friendly with a number of politicians, including the Rockefellers and the Aliotos, who even allowed him to drive their car. Sarah quickly became involved with him and they were soon spending a lot of time with each other. One night on the way to her house Armond got picked up drunk driving without insurance or a drivers license and was quickly released without charges by the police. After they ran into Don downtown, she was disturbed to learn that he and Armond were very close and had known each other for many years. Sarah became more alarmed when she saw that inside his home were weapons of all sorts, including guns and samurai swords. One time she looked inside a duffel bag he owned and found piano wire and black gloves.

Armond was also acquainted with Pearl, Sarah's friend who had accompanied her to Don's office. Pearl was a bondage aficionado who had constructed a spiderweb-like structure on the ceiling of his attic in order to better facilitate full body suspension. Armond told her that he sometimes participated in Pearl's bondage sessions by tying him to the structure. Shortly after Sarah and Pearl complained to Don, Pearl was found dead from asphyxiation while hanging from the spider web. Because of the events that followed Pearl's death, Sarah now believes that Armond murdered Pearl because of his attempt to disrupt the systematic corruption that was occurring under Don's roof.

Eventually she came face to face with his violent temper when during an argument Armond threatened to chop her up in pieces and bury her under the creek. Another night he took her driving and stopped at a payphone, saying that he had to get orders and refusing to explain further. When Armond got back into the car, he began to speed and drove the car into a telephone pole. When the car stopped, Sarah was paralyzed but Armond got out of the car and started running without saying a word. Before he got out, he told her to tell the police that she had been driving alone. If it wasn't for a stranger who called 911 to get help, she probably would have died from shock. As it turned out, several teeth were broken and vertebrae along her spine were severed. In the hospital, she tried to tell the doctor that someone had tried to murder her and they immediately transferred her to a mental hospital while her back was still broken and unhealed.

At midnight on Ryan's 18th birthday, Don immediately threw him out of the house despite the fact that he is disabled. He then went to live with Sarah in order to attend the local community college. At school, he was approached by a guidance counselor named Scott Stitham, who said that Ryan could live with him at his foster home. After living with Scott for a few months, he was thrown out and returned to Sarah's house. By this point in time, Ryan had developed a substantial speed habit and began stealing from her and going through her things. One time he left with her checkbook and Sarah went inside his room to see if she could find it. She found a stack of photos that appeared to be naked shots of her son wearing a goat's mask. When she asked him about them, he said the photos were taken by Scott, who also took naked pictures of all of his other foster kids, most of who were prepubescent. Several years later, Anna came to stay with her for a few days after she turned 18. Sarah admitted to me with some regret that she had resorted to looking through her daughter's stuff, since she couldn't get her to talk about anything that had happened at Don's house. Included in her bags was a collection of nine or ten photo albums that contained several pornographic pictures of Anna.

Sarah told this entire story to Thunder while I tape-recorded the conversation for later reference. In retrospect, she speculated that her children's virtual kidnapping could have come as a result of her entire family's involvement with a new age armageddon cult several years before they moved to Berkeley. Elizabeth Clare Prophet's Church Universal Triumphant had such a profound impact on Sarah that she even named her daughter after insider church lingo that was meant to symbolize blissful union with Christ. It was only years later that she discovered through the writings of Fritz Springmeier that Church Universal Triumphant had been involved in well-established brainwashing programs. During this process, children who have a natural ability to drift into a deep trance, a rare but genetically inherited quality, were removed from the rest of the group and selected for further experimentation. Many of the situations experienced by Sarah's children while living in various group homes are consistent with stories of other ritual abuse and mind control program survivors, like being locked up in psych wards and having caretakers who are deeply immersed in the occult. Some of the adults at Don's house were regularly conducting séances that involved several of the kids who lived there. Her son was confined in a mental hospital for six months, where he was repeatedly strip searched and forcibly drugged, a procedure that has become standard practice not only for people considered a "threat to others", but also nonviolent individuals, many of who are already experiencing emotional trauma. It could be that the coercive, dehumanizing procedures inflicted by hospital staff on ritual abuse survivors are meant to impose a permanent silence on potential whistleblowers.

A week or so after the interview I got a message on my answering machine from the two of them saying that they wanted me to speak about human trafficking on Thunder's radio show. That night they did their show and talked extensively about corruption within the Marin County court system and how it was connected with organized trafficking rings operating out of Bohemian Grove. The next day Sarah called and told me that Thunder had been murdered. He had been living in a camper under the freeway in West Oakland and was found dead in the front seat beside a busted window. Sarah discovered what

happened because when she called him the morning after the show, the police answered his phone and asked who she was. They told her that Thunder had a diabetic coma and busted out the window from the inside so that glass fell all over the sidewalk. But when Sarah went to go see his camper, there was no glass on the sidewalk. It was all inside the car.

I wasn't sure if any of his friends knew what happened, since nobody was picking up his phone after Sarah's initial conversation with the police. That night I went to the anarchist bookstore in Berkeley, where Thunder had a lot of friends and acquaintances. He had been working as a manager for Zachary Running Wolf's mayoral campaign, so I waited around inside the store in order to tell Zachary the news firsthand. He believed that Thunder had been murdered in part because of his political organizing within Native American circles. After a brief conversation we promised to exchange details as they happened. A few days later, the East Bay Express published an obituary stating that Thunder had been found in a wealthy section of Emeryville, when actually Sarah had seen the empty camper under the freeway in West Oakland the day after she talked to the police. Soon afterwards I spoke to Zachary, who had become suspicious because he knew that Thunder always camped in the same spot under the freeway. Reading the article inspired him to investigate by visiting the site in Emeryville where Thunder had supposedly been found. The camper was there and sitting across the street from it was a police car idling in an empty parking lot. After he walked around the perimeter of the camper and looked inside the windows for a few minutes, three more police cars pulled up to the adjacent lot and parked so that they were facing him.

During the spring of 2007, I spent many hours on Market Street and subsequently neglected a huge portion of my schoolwork. It was during this time that I met Jonathan, a man who claimed to have worked in the tunnels beneath the city. He told me that he was hired by international embassies as a bonded courier, meaning that he was bound by oath not to ever become curious about the packages that he was carrying. Posted at all the entrances were sentries who reported any kind of activity within the tunnels. Most of his jobs came from Europe, the Middle East and Asia. He said that some of the tunnels were opulently decorated with pillars corresponding to various historical time periods. These sections of the infrastructure were most often used for politicians or the very wealthy. Jonathan said that he also had worked as a type of janitor, cleaning up dismembered bodies that had been left behind during ritualistic sacrifices. Supposedly, in Chinatown wealthy businessmen serve human meat as a delicacy known as long pig. He told me that beneath the Tenderloin there is a room where these men can go and do absolutely anything they wanted with a woman or man of their choice. These sessions frequently end in torture and murder.

Jonathan was chosen for this kind of work because of an accident he had experienced as a child. While diving in the community pool, he slammed headfirst into the drainage system and split his head open. He remembered the accident clearly because when it happened, he left his body and observed from above the people clustered around him. Jonathan then began to experience episodes of precognition and telekinesis. It wasn't long after this that men from the military came to pick him up from his foster home on a

regular basis. They would drive Jonathan to a building where he was taught remote viewing, mainly for the purpose of reverse engineering Russian technology. Sometimes he traveled in an underground magnet powered train that was mostly used by politicians. Despite a practically nonexistent education, it didn't surprise me that Jonathan would be capable of accurately describing complex technology at a young age. He was obviously an extremely intelligent person with a phenomenally developed memory. Most people would probably assume his stories to be the delusional fantasies of a compulsive liar. I have known a lot of compulsive liars, and the difference between Jonathan and all of them is the fact that he didn't ever want to talk about it unless I asked him, and even then, he wouldn't elaborate. His quietly traumatized demeanor and oftentimes one-word answers definitely didn't strike me as bragging.

As Jonathan progressed in his psychic training, he was brought to a farm in Northern California where he lived with a military officer who trained him and a number of others in martial arts. By the age of eight, he was proficient in survival arts at the level of someone from the Marine corps. His "handler", as Jonathan described him, trained him in assassination as well as the drug trade. In his teenage years, one of his responsibilities was to coordinate massive shipments of marijuana and cocaine that came into America on barges. Unfortunately, Jonathan was not entirely forthcoming with me and many subjects were off limits, although I was persistent in asking questions whenever he seemed like he was receptive enough to answer them. I got the impression that the training he received was on a need to know basis, so that he would be unaware of any larger government projects that he may have been a part of.

One of the men that Jonathan worked with, Hana, was trained by paramilitary organizations and had ties to the mafia. Jonathan would often be brought out to his yacht to have "conversations" with him. As an example of how powerful this man was, he told me about an incident involving a client of Hana's who was late in paying a debt. When confronted with the issue of overdue payment, the client went immediately to the ATM, withdrew money in excess of what he owed and gave Hana a floor length ostrich trench coat. Inside the coat were holsters for a shotgun on one side and a handgun on the other. In the Bay Area Jonathan was introduced to a group of men who trafficked in snuff pornography. The man in charge of the venture sent the tapes out all across the world. One time Jonathan was responsible for strapping him onto a bondage table while he watched one of the videos. It was at this point in the conversation that he told me if anyone ever found out about him revealing information, he would be tortured to death and the same thing would happen to myself and all of my family members. Not long after this, Jonathan became very hostile and threatened me with violence if I revealed the things he had told me. As a result of his threats, I was left with no choice but to cut off all communications between us and haven't spoken with him since.

While I was having these conversations with Jonathan, I let some people I know stay at my apartment for a few days. James and Tiffany were rowdy and belligerent Hell's Angels who I had expected to be your garden variety penniless drug addicts. It turned out that they both came from well placed military families and James owned properties all across the country. During the 60s, he had lived for a brief a brief time at the Manson

Ranch, where he said he had a great time because of all the women and drugs. James was a Viet Nam vet who had worked as an explosives technician. It could have been either his military experience or that of his family that gave him military clearance to be in the tunnels. He said that while exploring many levels underground he saw abandoned saloons from before the 1906 earthquake. When I asked him if he knew anything about any of the murders that had been going on around the city, he became very evasive. He eventually told me that he had seen a woman's throat slashed at a ritual held by the Church of Satan. Tiffany also said that there were bodies deposited out by the tunnels at Ocean Beach but refused to elaborate when I asked her questions.

She was a very jealous girlfriend who responded to any woman who so much as looked at James with explosive violence. I saw her get into several fights over him just in one day of hanging out with the two of them. That night Tiffany came back to my house in a rage because she believed that a woman she knew had propositioned James. After a good ten minutes of spewing profanities, she said that she would get "the family" to take care of her. She said that they would "leave her out at Ocean Beach with a stick up her ass like they did the last girl". I pretended I hadn't heard what she said and instead made them dinner. The next morning I got them out of my house as soon as possible. When I asked Jonathan about them, he said that he had known James for many years and gave an accurate physical description of him right down to the birth defect on his hand. He said that a few months previous to our conversation, a number of prostitutes had disappeared, including several people he was close to. When Jonathan heard about what happened, he went down to Capp street to ask around. Several girls there told him that James had been the last person seen with four different girls who went missing shortly afterwards. He was under the impression that James had been hired by a group of men in order for him to find women for them. For months after James and Stephanie left, they continued to call my house looking for a place to stay. I almost always screen my calls, so when I didn't return their many messages, the calls became progressively more and more angry.

All of the situations described here have combined in such a way that make it possible for me to understand a curious series of events that occurred partly before I left home. Right outside of DC, bordering the freeway and an enormous Mormon temple, is a section of land named the Walter Reed Annex. The annex is down the street from the hospital of the same name that has become well known in recent years for mistreating veterans. Walter Reed was originally a Bohemian Grove type of retreat for visiting diplomats and industrialists during the formative years of the city. The people who built the complex designed it to have an international theme, with a Dutch windmill, gothic castles, Greek statues and Chinese pagodas. The main building housed a ballroom and a series of arched walkways. Originally, the annex was a hotel, later a Catholic girls school and after the Korean War, a psychiatric facility for veterans traumatized by combat.

During the mid to late 90s, Walter Reed was in ruins and, although still occupied in some places by the army, it was mostly abandoned. My friends and I spent many hours exploring the untended gardens of the complex while trying to avoid the machine gun equipped soldiers. It was an indescribably beautiful place. There was one statue, the Justice Lady, at whose base we would often find candle drippings all over the ground.

One night my friend Katrina was walking through the annex after midnight and spotted a group of people dressed in purple robes circled around the Justice Lady and burning candles. But the inside of the main building was the most interesting part of the complex by far.

The psychiatric ward seemed like it went on forever, with rusted plumbing, crumbling paint and holes in the floor where you could see clear through to the floors below. We discovered what was clearly the scene of massive human experimentation. There were bloody hospital gowns, electroshock therapy equipment and boxes full of files describing the former patients hallucinations and subsequent medication plan. One document was titled "Human Use Committee" and it had phone numbers that listed addresses in third world countries. Someone had written "help me" in blood on one of the walls. In the ballroom my friend Candy found slides of monkey brains and sheep embryos.

Although it was illegal to be on the grounds of the annex, it wasn't too hard to avoid the soldiers, so I spent the winter of 98 with various people camped in and around its empty buildings. One night I was alone underneath the bridge leading into the main building and saw the largest vehicle I had ever encountered before. It was a black streetcleaner type of car covered with flashing strobe lights that changed colors. I was very uneasy about the vehicle and did my best to hide in the shadows of the bridge until it passed me by. Years later, while reading an internet conspiracy forum, the same one where someone warned me of the black helicopter, I read a description of the ominous car that was precise in its depiction right down to the flashing lights. Supposedly, it was the property of FEMA and set aside to be used to enforce curfew during times of martial law.

A few years ago, Chris told me about getting picked up hitchhiking by a military officer who had worked as a scientist at Walter Reed. Since I had taken Chris out there to look around a few years before, he asked the former officer questions and paid attention to the conversation. The man said that when he worked at the annex, the military had performed experiments on monkeys by injecting them with diseases. In order to insure that the soldiers were able to clean up any messes that might result, there were tunnels that ran beneath the complex, across the state and all the way into an underground base in Pennsylvania. The underground infrastructure was originally built during the Cold War for military and government leaders to be able to escape during a nuclear attack. The bases were also fortified with stores of food and arms.

A book written by Alex Constantine describes a similar situation occurring at Walter Reed during the time period that the officer described. Constantine writes about how, under the direction of the CIA, the annex was used for MKUltra experiments including electroshock therapy performed on monkeys. Evidence for a highly sophisticated underground infrastructure can be found in the press releases about Mt. Weather, an underground military base in Virginia that was designed to transfer and maintain key components of the American government in the event of nuclear warfare or other forms of disaster. An article in Time magazine reported that Mt. Weather houses apartment complexes, a cafeteria, a hospital, a sewage treatment plant, several large underground ponds, a utility plant and even a radio and TV studio in order for key officials to be able

to address the nation in times of emergency. Far from being an anomaly, independent researchers have estimated that the Virginia base is actually the operational center for at least 96 other Federal Relocation Centers. Wikipedia reports that during September 11th, a line of government cars with police escort were seen heading from Washington DC straight into Mt Weather.

It should be abundantly clear by this point that there are many reasons for a massive cover up around the issues of organized trafficking and ritual abuse. The experiences outlined above point to origins in an international black market cartel trafficking in arms, narcotics and human slavery. With the additional indication of connections with paramilitary training schools and psychiatric brainwashing programs, human trafficking becomes an enormously complex subject that cannot be easily explained through the lens of partisan politics. Unfortunately, much of the discussion around these issues has been dominated by leftist journalists who see human trafficking as primarily a labor issue caused by Western imperialism. In an article published in Clamor Magazine, Yasmin Nair dismisses personal testimonies about American girls being trafficked as originating in “half-baked stories and rumors fueled by dubious sources”. The other side of the coin, mostly fundamentalist Christians, portrays trafficking as a problem caused by the moral ills of heathen foreigners. This analysis, from either side of the political spectrum, whitewashes the experiences of many people like myself whose history with trafficking doesn't fit this narrow model of the way things work. The limiting left-right dichotomy, including the perspective of radical politics, has so far effectively served to limit public exposure of these issues and cover up the crimes of the most elite strata of our society. It is my sincere hope that this story, as well as those of countless others who have had similar experiences, can help to expand the realm of possibilities past the limiting confines of the currently dominant sociopolitical paradigm.

Notes: Whenever possible I have obtained permission from people whose stories I've told here. Many names have been changed to protect those who may have preferred to remain anonymous. A number of people declined to have their story told at all for fear of reprisal. Specifically, a great deal of information regarding US military experiments in population control was given to me by someone who requested that the information not be published. It will require many more hours of interviews and research from other open-minded writers before this complicated story can even begin to be told.

Sources:

1. Probably the best reference for information about the how military brainwashing programs utilize ritual abuse is a book called *The Illuminati Formula Used to Create an Undetectable Total Mind Control Slave* by Fritz Springmeier. Don't let the fire and brimstone scare you away. There are many copies of this book available online, but you may have to search for them because they are constantly being removed. Springmeier is currently serving time in Oregon state penitentiary on what many people believe to be completely fabricated charges.
2. For more information about how the psychiatric industry is used as a form of social control, go to www.againstpsychiatry.com.
3. Here is a link to video footage of a Babylonian human sacrifice ritual reenacted at the Bohemian Grove: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P_PAqT2JZOw

This is another thoroughly researched website that exposes the Grove:

http://www.cremationofcare.com/illu_boh_gr_photo_gallery.htm

4. Article on Russian snuff ring:

http://observer.guardian.co.uk/uk_news/story/0,,375883,00.html

5. An excellent series of articles on Marc Dutroux and elite child trafficking rings:

www.konformist.com/2001/pedophocracy1.htm

6. For more info on Michael Aquino:

San Jose Mercury News, JULY 24, 1988

Child abuse at the Presidio: the parents' agony, the Army's coverup, the prosecution's failure.

7. For more info on model train telekinesis: "Hitachi: Move the train with your brain"

Associated Press, Friday June 22nd, 2007

8. A much more detailed version of the Frank Olson story can be found at the web site maintained by his family. www.frankolsonproject.net

9. More details about both the Zebra Killers and their connections to MKULTRA can be found in *Psychic Dictatorship in the USA* by Alex Constantine

10. Information about the continuation of COINTELPRO type programs can be found at <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=Gang+Stalking>

11. "Civil Defense Doomsday Hideaway", Time Magazine, June 24, 2001

www.abovetopsecret.com/pages/mountweather.html

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Weather

12. Virginia McCullough is the main source right now for information about corruption and cover up in Northern California courts. Here are just a few of the articles she has written for newsmakingnews.

<http://www.newsmakingnews.com/pollyklaasdatadump.htm>

<http://www.newsmakingnews.com/kd,paulakamena,kellyvieirasimmons,error.carolmardeusz.htm>

These articles were written by the late Jim Scanlon and published in the Coastal Post newspaper:

<http://www.coastalpost.com/01/4/03.htm>

<http://www.coastalpost.com/05/03/02.htm>

13. Here are a few different articles that seem to be representative of a new trend among progressives to dismiss trafficking and ritual abuse as a right wing "sex panic": Clamor Magazine, Issue 37, Summer 2006, "Trafficking and the return of domesticity"

<http://clamormagazine.org/issues/37/sexgender.php> and also "The ritual sex abuse hoax" by Debbie Nathan: <http://www.ncrj.org/Nathan/index.html>

<http://www.theroc.org/roc-mag/textarch/roc-08/roc08-06.htm>

14. For more information about elite trafficking rings, research the case of Johnny Gosch, whose mother maintains this website about how he was kidnapped and sold to

politicians involved with the Bohemian Grove.:

www.johnnygosch.com

15. Another good source about classified mind control projects is a book by a former programmer called *Svali Speaks*, which is currently archived at

www.mincontrolforums.com/svali_speaks.htm

Here is a link to a book review of *Thanks for the Memories* by Brice Taylor, a woman who claims to have been trained since childhood to become a highly priced prostitute and human computer for a small and extremely influential group of politicians.

<http://www.steamshovelpress.com/altmedia16.html>

Thanks for the Memories can be purchased here:

<http://members.aol.com/castloc/Brice.html>